

Scientific Control

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(Inktober Prompt, Day 16: Angular)

Content warning: Soul vore, degradation, humiliation, casual, implied snuff, and fatality.

Ari considered himself to be something of a scientist; given that he had a PhD in biochemistry, was the boss of his own research division at a private R&D company, and was actively publishing papers based on his personal experiments, the grey fox had a little justification for thinking of himself as such. It regularly was a surprise to his playthings, however. It always was a pleasant surprise, though; Ari wouldn't have entertained them if they weren't the sort that were increasingly aroused by the prospect of losing agency, reaching new lows, and experiencing the most taboo pleasures possible. He certainly wouldn't include them in his research if they weren't consenting.

And so it was that Ari found himself finally conducting his first trial of this sort on a willing person, a pet of his he'd corrupted, degraded, and used for five years. The mutt woman looked like she were in her thirties, but he knew better; Shilah was in her mid-twenties. Instead, the repeated breedings, accelerated pregnancies, months of being packaged away, warpings of both body and mind, and immeasurable orgasms the shaggy, well-endowed bitch had been subject to simply had taken their toll on her. Not that she minded. Not that she had much right to, either. In the eyes of the law, she'd surrendered most basic rights to him.

There was no legal precedent for what would happen should the experiment succeed, though, so the grey fox made it clear to his curvy milf what the full consequences would be in the most plain and technical terms he could in order to ensure proof of her consent. It terrified the dog, but Shilah trusted his instincts for what she so deeply desired enough to ask for a description with the spin he usually used.

"In short," Ari'd said with a smile, caressing her face, "your life is already mine. Someday, at my whim, you'll meet a humiliating, perverse, and shameful end. You know this and dream of it." Certainly she did, as she shuddered from within the thick orange life-support suit that currently enclosed all but her head. "But you sought to lose all control, no? You wanted the ecstasy of being entirely mine, of submitting to my will which you know to be wasteful and perverse...despite that...*because* of that. Well, even when I snuff your very life out and dispose of you, there's still something I do not control. Yet."

The grey fox leaned forward, hot breath washing over one of her floppy ears. "That so-called immortal vessel. The vehicle in which your identity, consciousness, dreams, and worth all will flee within to a respectable, dignified afterlife, one where you'd never be taken advantage of or be without control over your own existence and destiny." Ari's tongue licked gently up the

edge of Shilah's lobe. "I want to destroy your soul. I want it so that, no matter what happens, I have the final say over your existence. And when I end you, I'll get to know just how awful a fate I've given you...will you remain in that final state I leave you in for eternity? Or will your consciousness end, sputtering out meaninglessly because you were so slutty that you couldn't resist giving up immortality for a mere few thousand orgasms of complete and utter shame."

The hair-trigger he'd trained her gaped, saggy cunt to have must have went off two or three times during his more...biased description of the experiment. Shilah's brown eyes had rolled up, panting and whining as she delighted in that terrible fetish that had grown to consume her life. Oh, that expression...one of complete awareness, willing surrender, and twisted ecstasy...Ari became a little less professional whenever he saw that sort of expression.

By the time Shilah had been strapped into the canister within the metal chamber his team had constructed and thoroughly tested over the course of months, both the interior and exterior of her life-support suit had been smeared and splattered with thick vulpine spunk; still warm, it caressed her body even as liters of it pooled at the bottom of the canister and completely obscured her ankles and feet. A hood had been added, sealing over the dog's head and features and leaving her a squirming, trapped orange sack; the suit now completely went to work monitoring her vitals, buffering external effects, and providing her with air, fluids, and chemicals as necessary through five or six large tubes now firmly socketed into the suit's back.

Ari, stepping out of the saucer-shaped chamber and shutting the door behind him, only was left with an open lab-coat on, his cock flaccid and covered in various juices. It wasn't a sterile way of testing, leaving a trail of sexual fluids dripping down between his legs as he walked, but he was reasonably certain that it wouldn't be of any concern. If it was...well, dying while soaked in his cum during an experiment where she was trying to have her soul extracted? Shilah would likely enjoy that anyway.

In truth, the engineering team had been given a relatively easy task; all they had created was a room-sized centrifuge with slight modifications. Ari's research had been substantially more complicated, blending research into magic and the metaphysical with modern scientific understanding in an effort to figure out just what could affect something so essential and eternal. Now, the product of all of that research came with the press of a button.

The fox hadn't considered ordering the centrifuge to have transparent material or installing visual feeds in the interior, but he could imagine the effects well-enough: a thick ooze squeezing through the tubes to fill Shilah's suit and begin breaking down her spirit's ties to her body as it slimed around her, a thinner organic solution filling the canister around her. He watched her heart rate steadily increase and her neural readouts begin to spike; with only the bindings in the tilted chamber keeping her body steady or providing any clear sensory information, her mind was likely beginning to compensate by hallucinating. Ari wondered if they'd get worse or better when the chamber would begin to work a good ten minutes after he'd locked her in.

Slowly, the saucer began to spin, a motor whirring noisily as it brought the large machine up to speed. Unlike a vial centrifuge, Ari's massive machine would require quite a long time to build up the necessary momentum. And so, as his experiment attempted to rip the soul from a young woman's body and permanently change the very state of her existence in an unthinkable important moment, the grey fox kicked up his feet, got out a novel from his bag, and began to read. As excited as the scientist was at this first small-scale practical test, it wasn't as though this was important in the grand scheme for *him*.

The spinning chamber took just as long to slow down, but Ari thought it wise to set down the book and check the readouts more carefully. Sure enough, something had happened to his bitch during the long hours roaring around in circles, her every life sign going erratic over a period of twenty minutes, but she was still alive. Better yet, her brain still seemed to be operating at normal levels within parameters. The suit had buffered enough of the pressure to keep her body from being damaged, but the top of the canister was reading an additional presence.

When it stopped and opened, giving Ari the chance to step inside and look at Shilah's chamber, a grin stretched across his muzzle. He sealed off the bottom-most section of the chamber and siphoned out the material there; after setting it outside, he drained the canister's fluid directly down the connection to the laboratory drains and unfastened the bindings around the dizzy, disoriented plaything.

He didn't wait for her to fully undress, orient herself, or otherwise prepare. Ari had rushed to make the necessary measurements, readings, and recordings. Now his excitement, both intellectual and sexual, was at its peak. Shilah's eyes eventually focused on what he held in front of her.

Packed in a smaller compressed canister, surrounded by the milky organic solution he'd filled her larger container with, was the distinct form of a translucent blue canine. It was compressed into itself squished tightly in, and clearly without any awareness, but it was unmistakably her soul. Gasping, she reached out with a paw towards the canister's surface.

Then, she watched as Ari unscrewed the container's topmost valve, tipped it back, and slurped the gallon of distilled soul and fluid down. Shilah watched in horror as her owner sucked the concoction down, gulping her essence down without a care in the world. Her gut began to turn, her head burning, and her body wracked with a sharp, needling pain. She could feel her connection to the afterlife get gnawed and shredded by sharp teeth, tugged apart by a steadily tugging throat, and digested by awaiting acids deep in the fox's gut. Gasping, eyes watering in visceral understanding, she collapsed to the floor before the scene, shuddering as even her perverted mind struggled to convert all of the shame and helplessness into arousal. What little she managed to, however, quickly overwhelmed her.

Ari closed his eyes as the last of the distilled concoction slipped past his lips. His mind recorded the sensations, the taste, the smell...how it affected the now soulless bitch in front of him. His method had taken that most essential part of her but left her with that all-too-entertaining consciousness and identity, a far cry from the tried and true methods of effectively causing brain-death and drawing the soul out afterwards. Drones weren't interesting, but a pet cumming at the knowledge they had nothing but this life of complete objectification and humiliation left...*that* was entertaining. Such was this scientific accomplishment that he reveled in the sensation, the euphoric bliss that slipped past his lips and broke into a meaningless spiritual mush inside his stomach.

As he sighed out the satisfaction in what must have been the most energizing drink of his life, Ari knelt down to Shilah's level as she trembled, the dog whimpering as orgasm after orgasm shook her entire body and leaked fluid out into the crumpled suit beneath her. "Better enjoy yourself and be a good slave," he said, lifting up her chin with a finger to meet her gaze. "This is the only life you get now. And when you're gone...you'll cease to be a person entirely. Aren't I sweet?"

Shilah groaned, both hands sinking towards her gaped sex, fingers thrusting as she masturbated at the unthinkable. Mere days before, the dog had thought she'd found the peak of submissive ecstasy. She knew better now. Her whimpers and panting tongue echoed in the chamber as Ari walked off, licking his lips.

The fox knew Shilah remembered how to get up to his office. It'd be a shameful walk, especially seeing as it was a weekday afternoon still and there'd be plenty to watch her nude, mortal body walk obediently back to its owner, but Ari couldn't help but wonder if lacking a soul would change peoples' perceptions of her. More than that, though, he pondered about his next trial with living, consenting subjects. There was room for ten sluts in his centrifuge at once. Doing a trial to that degree would not only be enough to confirm the experiment but also to additionally provide one more crucial data point; just how much pleasure could a fox get from the rush of power, pressing a button and flushing away the dissolving souls of the submission-addicted straight into the sewers?